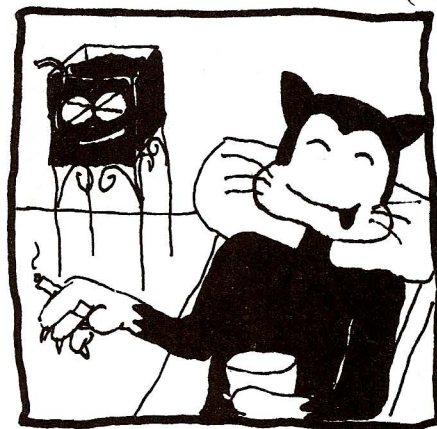
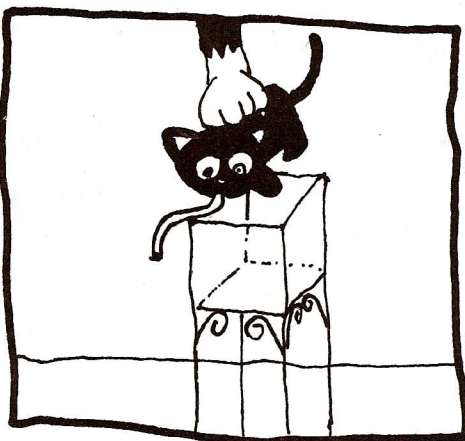
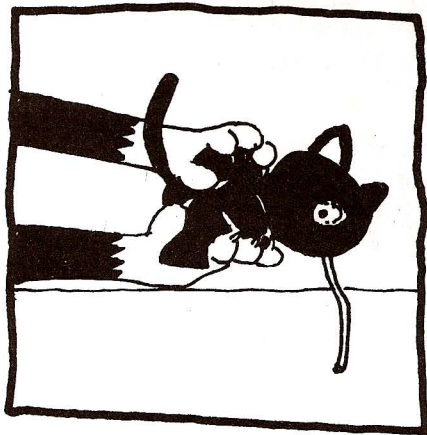
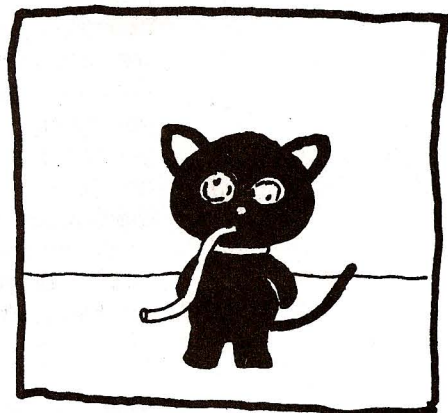
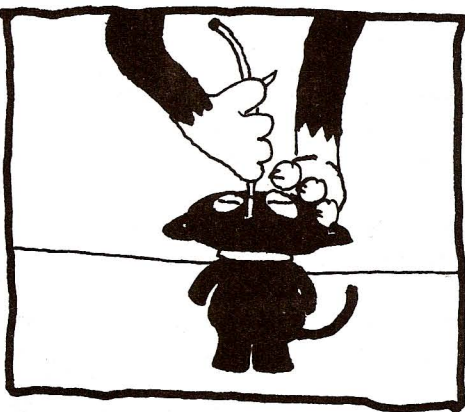
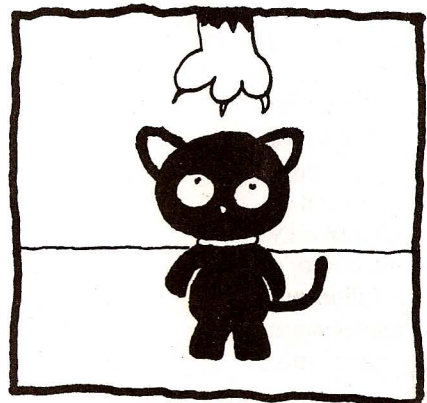
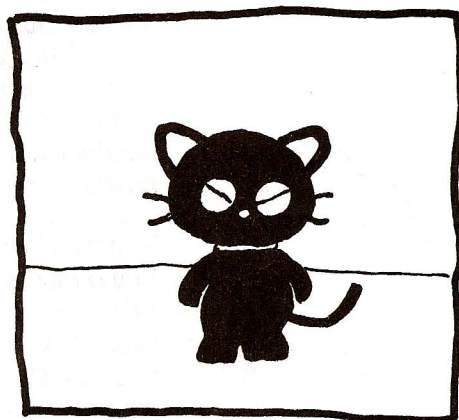
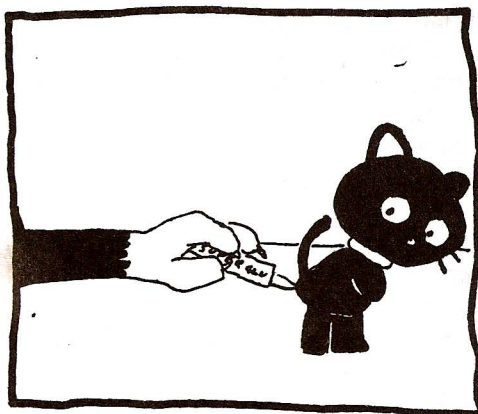
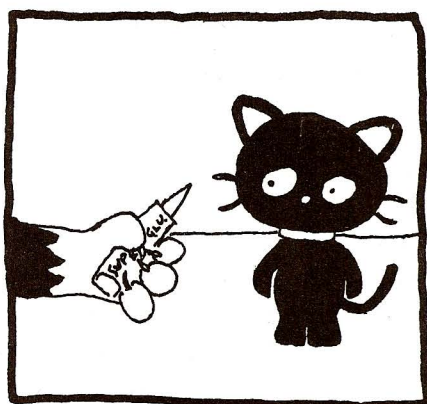


MIT'S ONLY INTENTIONALLY
HUMOROUS PUBLICATION

VOLUME ISSUE

83 1

VooDoo



Freshmen across the institute,
around this time of year,
through some
synchronous satori
action, all realize
the same thing:
Shit, man, I made a
huge mistake.
Misdirected by
admissions material
claiming that MIT was the equivalent of
stuffing your medulla oblongata into the cylinder of a
Swedish penis pump, claiming that MIT could turn you into a
Nobel-Laureate John Holmes, Ph.D., the reaction of the incoming
class is the same every year. Around the fifth week of classes, freshmen
realize, "It was fun to be smart when people would bring up gravity and
I could explain it. But now, no one even asks me to explain the non-
Newtonian slip dynamics bragged about on the back of the Silk Lube
packet we'd share. It's so unsatisfying."

And then comes the hopelessness, the abject horror, the whiling away
of the rest of that first term in an alphabet soup of illicit drugs and Au
Bon Pain, barely funded by kiting Harvard student lovers like the Diners
Club Card, reading Atlantis Astrology manuals from Seven Stars just
because you know that the smart Bulgarian down the hall didn't learn
about it in his communist elementary school's astrophysics classes,
pretending you're a complex artist because you write for Rune, and
consoling yourself with the belief that at least you can be a high paid
web designer when you die and go to heaven. The phase above kicks
out after right before IAP, usually. That last Harvard guy or gal ditched
you during some "Circle Jerk Night" at the Avalon, and then neither of
your tried and true "I'm planning on going into electrical engineering,
how about you?" or "Baby, I'm non-monogamous" seem to pan out at
the Coffeehaus anymore. You realize without that Harvard kid, not only
don't you get laid anymore. You realize you can't afford that Maker's
Mark habit you've been cultivating and that the bottom has fallen out
and that you're guzzling Rebel Yell straight from the bottle in the mornings
just to kill that nice, warm fuzzy feeling sleeping actually gave you.

Well, Voo Doo can help. We've been there. We've done all of that. And
we can help. No, actually, I'm just kidding. We can't help, except to tell
you that the cheapest liters of Rebel Yell we've found are 17 bucks.

WRITE FOR VOO DOO

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From the Publisher



Supreme Overlord

Geeta Dayal

Vergogna Tevi

Andrew Brooks

Treasurer-in-exile

Blake Brasher

Complaints Department

Dr Shlomo Abdullah

Publisher

Phosphorus

Contributors

Blake Brasher
Andrew Brooks
Robbie Buckingham
Geeta Dayal
Francisco Delatorre
Farhad Ebrahimi
Alex Firshein
Peter Gamache
Amanda Griffith
Matt Malchano
Ben Morse
Luke Phelan
Kate Thompson

Volume 83, Number 1

Voo Doo Magazine
MIT Room 50-309
77 Massachusetts Avenue
Cambridge, MA 02139
617/253-4575
voodoo@mit.edu

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Voo Doo (voo'doo) **n.**, [Slang c.1920] hubbub; excitement; mischief; *an ideal name for a humor magazine*

Factsheet 5 Blurb-o-Tron (corrected, reviewed issue 75.2, from F5#50) : Humor from the unwashed students who wind up designing important things like computers and nuclear devices. What the fuck happened? Suddenly, *Voo Doo* got funny. Like, laugh out loud on the tram funny. Is this the same zine? It must be, as there are still things I Just Don't Get. I doesn't matter, I get enough of it. Where else are you going get the Marilyn Monroe/Elvis Presley/JFK connection? Or the results of last year's IgNobel Prizes? College humor at its finest? Yeah, well, maybe. Trades OK/back issues available/paid ads/prints letters/no submissions. Price: \$2.00 Subs: \$10.00 for 6 issues.

Check out the Voo Doo Magazine Homepage
and the College Humor Magazine Homepage

<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/www>
<http://web.mit.edu/voodoo/chm.html>

Editor's Note

So it ends up that I'm leaving MIT in June, armed (supposedly) with a couple of degrees that I managed to pick up on the side while running this rag. I'm leaving Voo Doo after nearly three full years of tyranny, to a bright future of making other two-bit humor zines for the rest of my fucking life. For this, I thank you, my loyal readers.

Voo Doo has changed a lot in the past few years. I'm proud of the monstrosity it has become. Voo Doo is more than just a magazine that never publishes. It's a cult, a religion, a fucking WAY OF LIFE. (Maybe I'm going a little bit too far, but I lost my sanity a few years ago, and there's no turning back.) Anyway, yes, we've changed. We did the first ever 24-Hour Voo Doo Humor Telethon, which changed the Committee on Discipline's views on me forever. We threw the now legendary campus-wide Voo Doo Party. We published four full 32-page issues of Voo Doo, and a few other short spoofs.

All right, I'm out of here. Forever. Lesson one: Keep on fighting against the stifling lameness of most of this Institute. Lesson two: Do what you think is cool, and then motivate a bunch of other people into thinking it's a good idea, even if your idea is idiotic.

And then, when you get around to it, clean out the office.

Keep on fighting the good fight, and goodbye,

Geeta

P.S. And damn it, submit some articles to us already.

BE A PART OF A MOVEMENT

we need writers, artists, illustrators and scapegoats

Join the Resistance - email us at voodoo@mit.edu

Letters to the Editor

Dear Voo Doo,

I am writing to complain about the unequal treatment you show religious groups in your magazine. Every issue of your publication contains Jesus references for the Christian community, and Nazi references for the Jewish community, but I have yet to see any content geared towards my Islamic children. I realise that this reflects a wider religious bias in American society, but there is no reason that a free-thinking magazine such as yours should perpetuate this instead of trying to transcend it. We are sick of being sidelined in this country! I therefore insist that you subject my holy father Allah, myself, or at least our religious traditions, to some semblance of equal mockery. If I may venture a suggestion, female circumcision was always a reliable source of big laughs among my mates in Mecca back in the day, and seems to fit the tone of your publication.

Yours sincerely,

Mohammed

Dear Mohammed,

Unfortunately it's just not as amusing to make fun of a religious group in this country if they don't wield enough institutional power to apply their goofy beliefs as political pressure. That being said, we will see what we can do. As for the female circumcision, times have changed and these days mutilating the genitalia of a teenage girl is no laughing matter unless accompanied by a comical "boing!" sound as featured in America's Funniest Home Videos, which obviously is not possible in print form. However, we will keep your suggestion in mind for the next Voo Doo telethon.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

I'm writing to you on behalf of the Kennedy & Rossi construction company. I was wondering if your publication's offices were in need of any renovation, construction, or demolition. See, we here at Kennedy & Rossi just love to rip shit up. I mean, we can rip shit up all day. Just look at your campus! I dare you to walk for 30 seconds without coming across one of our many projects. You can't! It's like biting into a 'Chips Ahoy' cookie and not hitting a chip! I swear I'll be impressed if you take 2 steps without falling into a manhole or open water main.

But I digress. We'd love to extend our services to you, because, as you know, we're doing our best to beautify the campus, one mound of displaced dirt next to a pile of pipe sections at a time. We can start work whenever you're ready. How does Monday sound?

Shovel-happy

Dear Shovel-happy,

That sounds like just the kind of thing thing we've been looking for. Our office has certainly become in need of having the shit ripped out of it lately. Come by any time - the items slated for destruction have been marked with the codeword "Rune".

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

We ask you to cease and desist printing poorly written, fabricated news stories. That's our territory.

Sincerely,

The Tech

"Year Of The Kitten" Voo Doo, Spring 2001

Dear The Tech,

Why don't you go after Counterpoint for eroding your monopoly on puerile, ill-informed opinion pieces, then come back and see us.

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

We ask you to cease and desist printing thinly-veiled political rants disguised as news stories. That's our territory.

Sincerely,

The Thistle

Dear The Thistle,

Look! There goes Mao Tse-Tung! If you hurry, you just might catch him!

Phos

Dear Voo Doo,

As a human rights activist, I'd like to bring to your attention a new website that brought my children no end of horrible dreams late at night: www.bonsaizoz.com.

I can't believe you people can be this sick,

Mrs. Caroline Brady

Dear Mrs. Brady,

Just what we've always wanted, a shoebox sized rectilinear Australian hate-monger! Perfect for carry-on, taking to school, and fits nicely in the pantry. Thanks, Mrs. Brady. Though we can't seem to figure out how to get the cute little devil out of that bottle of gin he's stuffed himself into.

Squeeze...

Phos

SAMMY & JOHN



Since 1919

Voo Doo News

*"You Heard It
First From Us"*

Media Lab Opens Franchise Near You

"Billions and billions will be served," says Negroponte

CAMBRIDGE - Spurred by the creation of Media Lab clones in Ireland and now India, MIT's Media Lab has decided to place inroads to the future in every local community in the galaxy, offering their own particular brand of "technology" to a drastically expanded worldwide audience. "No town in the world should be deprived of their very own Media Lab," said Negroponte in a press conference yesterday. "The only way to achieve world peace, along with cures for hunger and disease epidemics, is to build large cash-sucking Media Lab enterprises in every town, city, and village in the world. You know, to promote learning and stuff."



"This opening represents a significant achievement for the growth and development of our global business," said McMedia Lab's Chairman and CEO Walter Bender. "We can take great pride in the fact that we now serve more than 3 billion customers in 25,000 Media Lab

franchises around the world. In fact, just last Friday, we opened the first McMedia Lab in our 117th country - Gibraltar." The new Labs can be identified easily on the highway by their distinctive "golden arch" logo, designed by Prof. John Maeda.

This Issue:

"Excretion Coordinators" to live in all dormitory toilets

Deorbiting Mir lights Steer Roast pit

Creighton/Stringfellow demand Florida recount in UA election

Marvin Minsky commands giant robot to destroy "Ask Jeeves"

Real Estate Office sells entire Student Center to mob

Each McMedia Lab features talking garbage cans, fully interactive milkshakes, a "Neural Cash Register" system which communicates with tiny microprocessor radios embedded in the products' packaging, and the "Geeky Meal," which comes with Linux-based wearable toys. Select locations also feature a drive-thru Corporate Window, where executives can immediately fulfill their need for fruity demos any time of day. In addition, the new McMedia Lab franchises have pledged to be actively involved in their local communities by making each Monday "Free Espresso Day" and donating leftover sushi and chopped melon to local homeless children.

MIT To Replace Pass/No Record With Fail/No Record

CAMBRIDGE - In an effort to boost MIT's sagging academic reputation, the faculty voted Thursday to scrap the current freshman pass/no record grading scheme. Responding to doubts that most freshmen are not stressed to the breaking point, first year grades will be recorded on the external transcript as 'F' for D or F level work, with no record at all for A, B, or C level work.

Expressing his concern that Pass/No Record "does a poor job of preparing students for sophomore year," Professor of Anthropology Arthur Steinberg, chair of

the Committee on the Undergraduate Program, noted that "the lower first year suicide rate indicates that most students really blow off their freshman year."

In addition, the current Junior-Senior P/D/F option will be replaced by Junior-Senior F/F/F, which will allow juniors and seniors to designate up to two classes to be graded F/F/F, with a recorded grade of 'F' for A, B, C, D, or F level work.

In related news, Harvard University Provost Harvey V. Fineberg reported this week that Harvard will be replacing their A-F grading scheme with Pass/Pass for all students, "to better help our world class students cope with the rigor of an Ivy League education."

Rapper 'Snow' Will Headline Spring Weekend

CAMBRIDGE — Inspired by the recent MIT Naughty by Nature concert organized in a reported attempt to "relive the sixth grade," committee members chose white rapper Snow to play MIT's Spring Weekend this year, edging out close contenders Kris Kross, MC Hammer, Vanilla Ice, Milli Vanilli, and those guys that did the Cops theme.

"Snow is just so cool. Like, remember that "Informer" song back in '93? Like, how cool was that? And remember when MTV had to put subtitles over the music video because no one could understand what he was saying? That was, like, super-cool! I'm still trying to figure out if it goes "An icky boom boom down" or "A licky boom boom down," but I'm not sure," said one Spring Weekend committee member, who chose to remain anonymous.



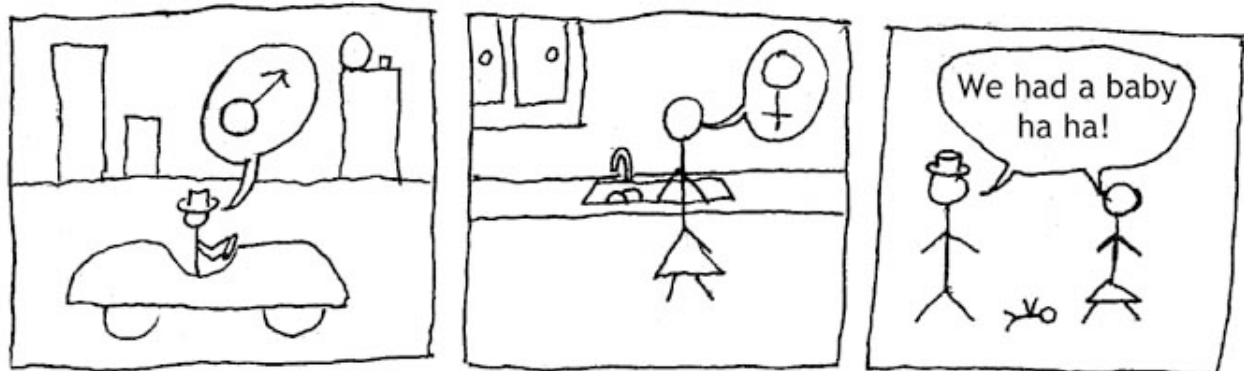
If you can remember this, you have no life.

"And like, wow, a rapper from Canada," she continued. "You can't get much cooler than that."

Sources report that Snow will agree to play for the low low price of \$40,000. "The TDC Funk Band" has agreed to open the show.



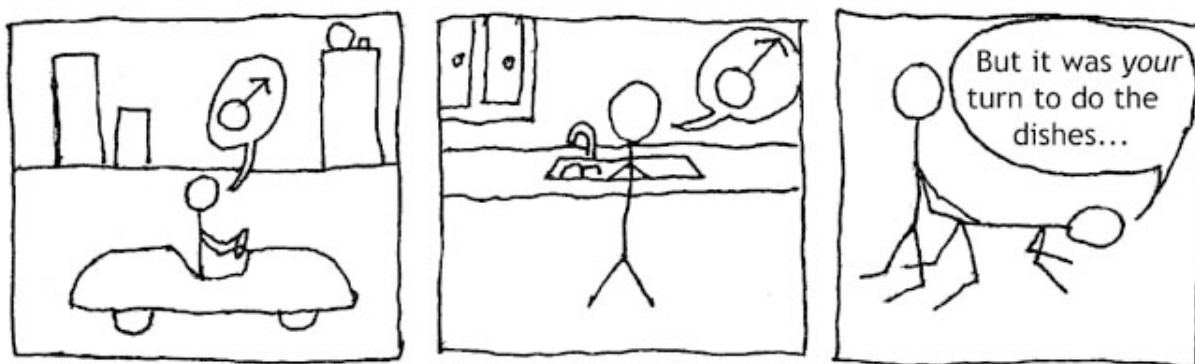
Those Wacky Heterosexuals



Interruption to Dissuade Association between #1 and #3



I Hate Being Gay



Top 10 Signs An ASA Flunky Is Hitting On You

10. "Want to come back to my place and see my paperwork?"
9. "Do long e-mails get you hot?"
8. "I've always admired your ASA_Info file."
7. "Hey baby, show me your constitution or be derecognized."
6. "I'd like to allocate your mailbox."
5. "The deadline for submission requests is in fifteen minutes."

4. "Want to be funded thousands of dollars for a large event?"
3. "Just because you currently have celibacy doesn't mean you're guaranteed to keep it."
2. "Please update your clothes with something a little more comfortable or you may lose clothing privileges entirely."
1. "Nobody's ever touched it besides me and Mommy. Please, I'm begging you."

ASA Declares Intention To Split

Citing their "commitment to preserving diversity and competition on campus", the Association for Student Activities, or ASA, today officially announced plans to divide into two competing student organizations.

"We wouldn't want to be considered in the same category as Aramark," said Jonathan Schifo '03, ASA member and card-carrying lame-ass. "After all, they're an expensive, smug, out-of-touch bureaucracy with no motivation to actually improve student life, while we're... uh, wait, can I start over?"

All details of the plan have not been completely finalised, but the overarching theme is the split of the central governing body of student activities into two geographically-based distinct entities, ASA East and ASA West, akin to the famous breakup of the Bell telephone company in 1984. Existing campus activities will be assigned to one of the new 'baby ASAs' according to the average geographic association of their membership.

"At the moment, it looks like Voo Doo, the Campus Crusade for Cthulhu, MITHC, and the Society for Retro-Computing will be the founding members of ASA East, while The Tech, Counterpoint and all the rest of the stupid shit no-one cares about will make up ASA West," said Jessica Hinel '03, local naked person and primary ASA board architect of the proposal. "Some people expressed concern that there might be difficulties allocating groups geographically, but so far it hasn't been a problem."

The majority of the current ASA committee members have elected to migrate to ASA West, a move that Voo Doo Fuhrer and person widely expected to be offered the leadership of ASA East, Geeta Dayal '01, described as "no fucking surprise". "Those fees are the reason this split was a good idea in the first place," asserted Dayal.

One of the first tasks of the new organizations, as defined in the MIT Bureaucratic Charter section 39(c), will be to settle on "a rigorous collection of stupid and pointless

rules to which all client members will be strictly held". Having the benefit of continuity of administration, the prospective ASA West has already voted to keep all the pathological old rules of the former ASA, such as a mandatory six page minimum length for all outgoing e-mails, and a requirement that all executive board members be sexually aroused by bulletin board reshufflings. In addition, the interim ASA West committee has already approved a number of new regulations.

"The split has given us new freedom to indulge our submissive order-following fetishes," enthused Jennifer Chung '01, acting chairperson of ASA West. "So far we've mandated daily amyl nitrate ass-reamings to be administered by me to all ASA West members, and in order to promote good Freudian habits all our

members will be required to refrain from using the bathroom for three days per week."

"We're also looking at creating a new executive position of 'German nurse named Helga'," added Chung.

Despite ASA East's current lack of mandatory regulations, the prevailing sentiment was that it would not be a handicap. "We can make up as many ludicrous rules as we need," growled Dayal when asked for comment. "Mandatory monthly turf wars with ASA West in the infinite corridor. Relocation of the ASA East office to Deli Haus. Human sacrifice of MIT Pro-Life virgins on a giant stone altar of Blinky the Clown. A rigorous regimen of maintaining Vitamin G levels for all ASA East members."

"Proper health and fitness is important to ASA East," added Dayal.

There has been no word yet on how student activities funding would be distributed between the new ASAs. Members of MITMBLA, the financial arm of the Undergraduate Association, were at their annual Catholic school retreat and could not be reached for comment.



An ASA West member passes a paperwork response test.

POINT-COUNTERPOINT

Everyone Look At Me

By Kevin Choad
Dilettante

Hi everyone! Come and listen to me while I tell you about myself! I'm so happy to be talking about myself, because without me, there would be no Kevin Choad, the artist. Pay attention to me!

By the way, I think you should know that I'm an Asian male, and Asian males are sexy! I'm sexy, dammit! Asian males are sexy, and that's what I am! Therefore I'm sexy! I would appreciate it if you would acknowledge this fact, especially if you are some sort of media representative. No, hold on, not right now! I'm talking about myself here. You'll get your turn when you go back to your own sophomoric page 5 rant.

The public wants, nay needs, to hear my point of view on important topics, especially myself. These are turbulent times, times in which I live. Our generation, which I like to call the "Kevin-generation" (other columnists have referred to it as the "me-generation": I say get your own generation!), has become obsessed with material possessions, all of which I own. Stereotypes, such as the past alleged non-sexiness of my racial group, are being broken down. And many other things are happening which concern me. I feel it is my duty to inform people of my opinion on these crucial matters.

Some people have attacked my position on these issues, branding me superficial. To these people I say, tell it to my new Power Macintosh G4 Cube! That stops their argument, concerning me, dead in its tracks. Anyone, like me, who knows the thrill of owning one of those (not to mention the many other trendy electronic appliances in my possession, such as my Diamond Rio 800 portable MP3 player), yet still has time to talk about it to those less fortunate than myself, doesn't fit any definition of shallowness I know. That's OK though, they can still be my friends, and drop around and worship my G4 Cube, and me, any time they want.

Furthermore, I can't stress enough that Asian males, a group of which I am a member, are sexy. If you could see me right now, you'd want me bad. Not that you don't anyway, from hearing everything else about me, but if you just saw me on the street, you would. Heck, if I saw me on the street, I'd want me bad. You simply must all be in awe of my wonderfulness.

I Must Insist That Everyone Look At Me

By Frank Drabek
Ombudsman

Last week, I used this space to blow my own trumpet; today I use it to publicly stroke myself. In case you don't know, I used to be editor-in-chief of MIT's premier pamphlet of advertisements, until I graduated. But I stayed on as a senior editor, because hearing my opinions is what makes this publication such a valuable resource to the student body.

Not that I consider myself part of the student body. Sure, I guess I'm technically a student, if you consider graduate students real students, which I and my newspaper certainly don't. But I'm so far above you scum students that from your puny point of view the sun must appear to shine right out of my asshole. Not that I consider that to be purely an optical illusion, mind you. The MIT community should thank its lucky stars, or in this case my bounteous ringpiece, that I deign to bestow my luminant droppings of wisdom upon it.

Not that I or my publication are even part of your fucking community, of course. Certain dimwitted individuals and half-assed campus publications have suggested that I have behaved irresponsibly towards "our" community. Get a clue! The only community of which I and my broadsheet are part is the international brotherhood of self-serving journalists. Administration mouthpiece my ass!

Haven't you semi-evolved simians noticed that I'm trying to turn my paper into the Globe? Where the fuck do you think I got the Ombudsman idea from, anyway? You wouldn't call them an administration mouthpiece, would you, you cretins? I've even beaten them to the tasteless punch on sensationalist coverage of certain events. Wrap your mouthpiece around my fat Rupert Murdoch cock, losers.

Frankly (pun intended), I can't understand why you apes bother trying to hold your own opinions, when I and my editorial staff have much better ones to give you. Why do you think I spend my time spelling them out to you each week — for my own self-gratification? I'm sorry if you're unhappy to hear it, but I simply happen to know what's best. Take it from me.

Networks to Be Renamed "Kraftwerks"

Renovated Eatery Offers Non-Static Dining Phenomenon

CAMBRIDGE - Aramark has decided once again to revamp Networks Cafe, noting that "it still sucks rocks and no one likes it," and has overhauled Networks this winter, renovating the interior while drastically changing the menu and service style.

"Generally, what we're trying to do is to create an environment that is faster and more visual," said Director of Dining Services Richard D Berlin, who engineered the plans.

"Networks was originally designed as a sit-down restaurant. We want to maintain that unique restaurant image while speeding things up. So naturally, I called upon the godfathers of techno, the German supergroup Kraftwerk."

"Vee vill transform the Networks dining experience with our hypnotic electronic beats," said Ralf.

"Ja, it vill never be the same," sneered Florian. "You losers will eat our digital wienerschnitzel. We are—how you say in English—hyper-modern."

"Ja, ja, hyper-modern," echoed Ralf.

MIT student Frank Dabek G ordered a cheeseburger, was shocked to find that they no longer existed, as all of the entree choices had been replaced with

"wienerschnitzel, in the true German style." Maniacal laughter on the part of the cooking staff soon followed his order. Dabek reported that he "nearly left Kraftwerks in fright," and that the entire Networks staff appeared

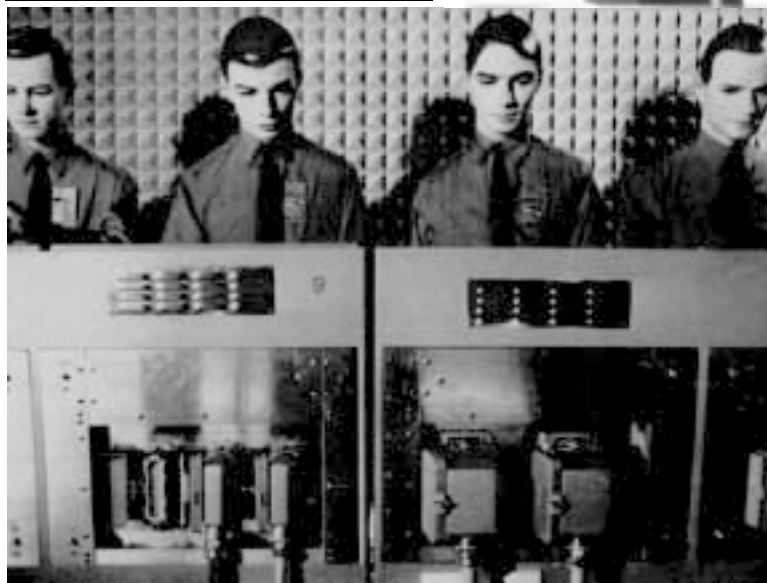
to have been replaced with old, balding German men in unfortunately tight "futuristic" jumpsuits.

Mandatory viewings of "Sprockets" episodes at 8 pm each night, followed by required dancing instruction "in the German style" each night at 9 pm, will be strictly enforced by Assistant Dean of Discipline and Conflict-Resolution Carol Orme-Johnson. "MIT students must understand...that now is the time when we dance," she said firmly.

"These MIT students, they think they live in the Computer World. But very few can survive in the real Computer World,"

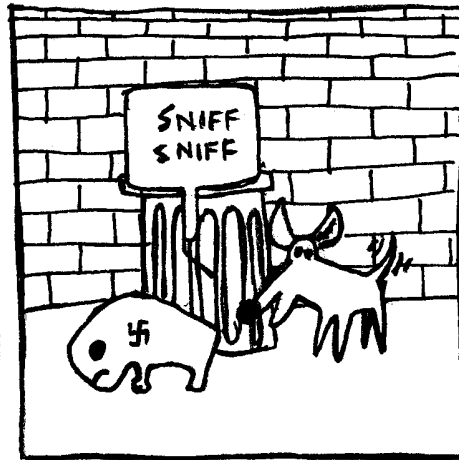
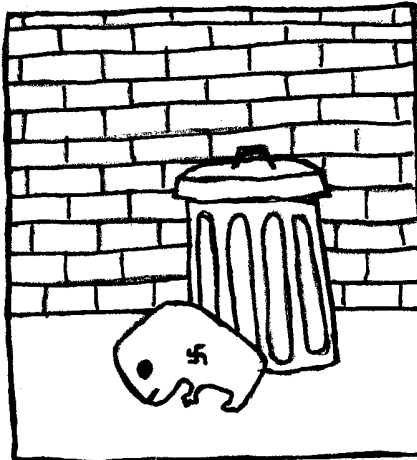
explained Ralf. "It is not a happy place. It is full of stark, minimalist techno beats." His grim face brightened suddenly. "Would you like to touch my monkey?"

"I have been transformed by the new Networks dining experience," exclaimed student Frank Dabek G. "Would you like to touch my monkey?"



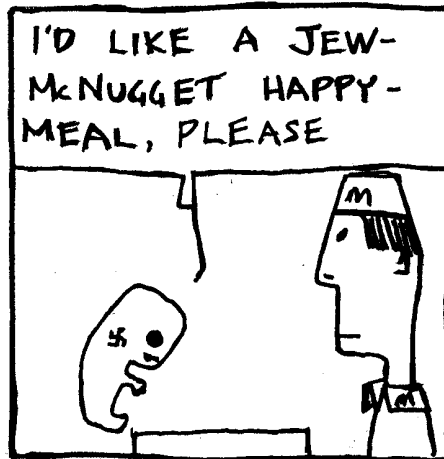
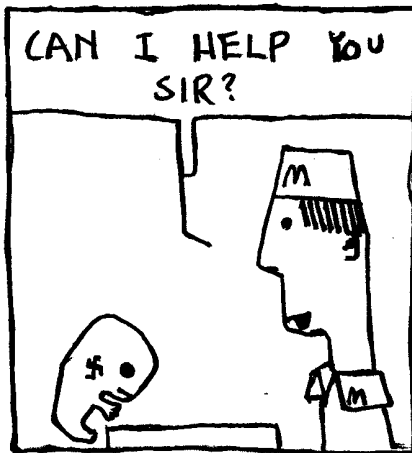
Man-machine space robots prepare to dispense digital wienerschnitzel at the new Kraftwerks.

ABORTED NAZI FETUS!*



* CERTIFIED NON-OFFENSIVE BY ACTUAL GAY HOMOSEXUALS!

ABORTED NAZI FETUS!*



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United States District Court
SUBPOENA TO TESTIFY
DEPOSE GRAND JURY

YOU ARE HEREBY COMMANDED to appear and testify before the Grand Jury of the United States District Court of the District of New Hampshire at the place, date, and time specified below.

DATE: Subpoena issued by the United States District Court, District of New Hampshire, at the Courtroom, 1000 North Main Street, Suite 1000, Concord, NH 03301.

DATE: Subpoena issued by the United States District Court, District of New Hampshire, at the Courtroom, 1000 North Main Street, Suite 1000, Concord, NH 03301.

DATE: Subpoena issued by the United States District Court, District of New Hampshire, at the Courtroom, 1000 North Main Street, Suite 1000, Concord, NH 03301.

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...government approved!*



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Do you dare to dream? Imagine returning to your dorm room every night to be lovingly greeted by a pet who's just as square as you are. Or imagine being the first in your frat to have a kitty shaped like a Rohypnol capsule. The girls will be so impressed you may not even need the real thing! At Bonsai Kitten, we help you express your individuality with a little bundle of joy shaped just for you. Dare to dream. A miracle's only a cramming away.TM

WARNING

Your "product" and methods are highly suspect. We know of no Japanese tradition relating to the procedure you advocate with respect to animals.

Be advised it appears this method, if carried out within the borders of the State of New Hampshire will be considered detrimental to the health, safety and welfare of a domestic animal and thus will be a violation of the Animal Cruelty Law in this state [RSA 644:8]

Further be advised that any animals shipped into New Hampshire for resale will require the proper permit to do so.

Additionally if adjudicated as being torture, this method may be prosecuted as a felony in our jurisdiction and any person in possession of such animal may be considered an accomplice and an accessory after the fact and are subject to criminal prosecution.

If this is a ruse or joke I suggest that it is ill advised and you would be best directed to discontinue this practice as it may well be unlawful to perpetuate a fraud and be deceptive business practice in offering a service that does not exist.

Be advised that we will bring all legal attention to this matter if it should present itself within our jurisdiction. Before proceeding further, you would best seek legal council relative to the legality of this practice.

New Hampshire SPCA
Law Enforcement
P. Saunders Agent

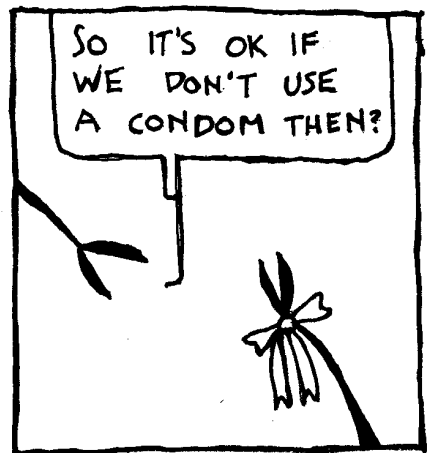
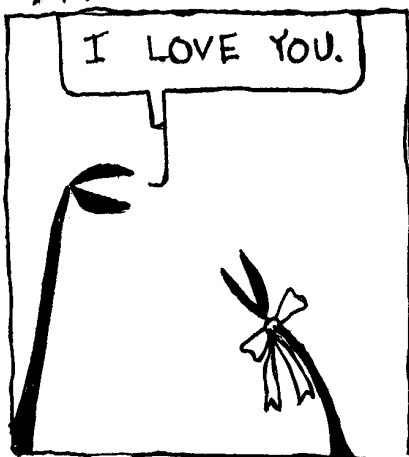
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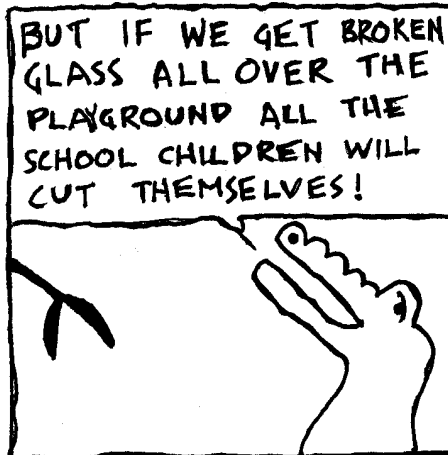
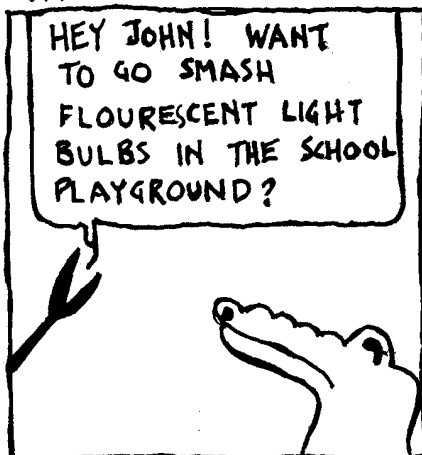
SAMMY & JOHN



SAMMY & JANE



SAMMY & JOHN





Anne P. Glavin's Guide To Picking Up Chicks



Just because I'm the Chief of Police doesn't mean I don't get a chance to 'cop' my share of play. Everyone loves a woman in uniform. Here are some suggestions to help you become a regular 'fuzz-buster'.

1. When choosing a potential chick, always remember that it's the uptight, sexually repressed ones that enjoy being handcuffed and beaten. Therefore, pay special attention to McCormick.
2. Forget diamonds; the nightstick is a girl's best friend.
3. Searching students for bottles of alcohol provides plenty of opportunity for the quick grope. Use Astroglide to help you plant the evidence.
4. Besides being the perfect food, donuts are the ideal shape for getting chicks aroused by demonstrating what's in store for them. Except in special cases, avoid the jelly variety.
5. If possible, obtain keys to every dorm room on campus.
6. Always wear your strap-on underneath your clothes. In my experience, by the time you put it on, she's already lost interest.
7. Nothing beats a good pick-up line. Try "Can I buy you a drink? You're under arrest, you underage slut."
8. Just because someone has long, red hair and cute nipple piercings doesn't necessarily mean she's a chick.
9. Drive an SUV. Those babies have enough room in the back to do a Kappa Alpha Theta.
10. Kissinger said power is the ultimate aphrodisiac. Mao said power comes from the barrel of a gun. You know what to do.
11. Women love it when you speak to them in a foreign language. Insist that they experience "les joies de pissing".
12. Unpopular and draconian policies help desensitize students to the term "sodomy". You'll thank me in the long run.
13. Busting frat parties is a great way to offer drunken Wellesley chicks "a ride home". You don't have to take them to *their* home.
14. Rape defense seminars are a perfect way to pick out the ones that are just asking for it.
15. As an EMT, you get first access to the fresh undergraduate bodies.

A Loser



Kruegers To Sue Admissions Office

Admissions Staff Named As Defendants

CAMBRIDGE - Continuing their lawsuit binge of recent weeks, Robert J. and Darlene Krueger filed suit today against the staff of the MIT Admissions Office over the death of their son Scott S. Krueger, claiming that he was "too stupid" to have been allowed to attend MIT. The Kruegers are seeking both compensatory damages for negligence and punitive damages for gross negligence and recklessness in the wrongful death of their son.

"There is no doubt in anyone's mind today that Scott Krueger did not belong at MIT," said the Kruegers' attorney, Bratwurst M. Henry. "It doesn't take an MIT graduate to recognize that he was simply too thick to survive in such an intense, self-reliant environment. It is exactly the job of the Admissions Office to weed out these sorts of inept, feeble-minded dullards, and they failed in this duty. It's time for them to pay the price for their neglect."

Although the terms of MIT's settlement with the Kruegers exempts MIT itself and members of the executive branch of the MIT administration from future lawsuits placed by the cash-happy pair, the Admissions Office staff are considered a legally distinct entity. Dean Of Admissions Marilee Jones, as well as several other members of the Admissions Office staff, have been personally named in the suit. "Anyone who came into contact with Scott Krueger's application, and didn't throw it straight into the circular file where it belonged, shares some of the responsibility for this richly-deserved tragedy," said Henry.

"What was it, a week, before Scott Krueger showed himself incapable of performing routine daily fraternity tasks like boozing up a shitstorm without requiring intense supervision?" continued Henry. "It's not like he was going to any great lengths to conceal his imbecility from the rest of

State of the Airwaves

"Krap, Korn, and Kid A"

By Dan Katz

Hello dear readers, and welcome back to another anxiously-awaited instalment of "State of the Airwaves!"

Let's get to the concert update of expensive, crappy sold out shows at the Fleet Center this week. On Monday night, Filtersonic 3 is playing, and on Tuesday it's Vertical Goo Goo Horizon, Eve Mary Three Eye Blind and on Wednesday it's my uber-favorite, Matchbox Eye Blindness. I can't wait. Granted, all of these bands sound exactly alike, but that's why they're cool.

Now it's time for my obligatory paragraph about the neglected-for-a-reason Canadian music scene. Our Lady Peace has just come out with the eagerly anticipated new album, "Something that Sucks," which features collaborations with The Tragically Hip, Alanis Morissette, several unnamed Mounties,

and a large, dancing piece of Canadian bacon.

Hey, aren't alterna-teens like me supposed to get laid more often than this?

News flash! I think I've found a napkin that has an idea that may possibly be on the next Radiohead album, "Kid B: The Richard D. James Album." I'll be performing a cover of this napkin at the next Open Mic Night at the Coffeehouse.

So remember, if you're hip like me, you'll get into these bands now. Because six months from now, no one will remember who these bands are, and then it will be too late to be cool. I mean, without me, would you have known that there are actually only three people in "Ben Folds Five"?

Also, I recently received an email asking why I never cover rap in this column. Well, just last week, I mentioned Limp Bizkit, who has a "hip-hop edge," if I

might say so myself. Stay tuned next week, too, for a special on Korn, a band which sounds to me like an overblown American retread of Gravity Kills helping out on an old Nirvana song (I forget which one..but does it matter?) helping out Marilyn Manson covering Rapper's Delight (I forget what this song sounds like... but does it matter?) Like, wow.

Let's face it. I'm only concerned with how many albums these people sell. Or, how many they could sell, if everybody listened to me. So long, and keep expanding your horizons, because god knows I haven't expanded mine.



Can you guess what band this is?
Neither can I.

campus. I mean, what kind of moron doesn't know that downing an entire bottle of liquor at once is not a medically sound thing to do? What a dumbass!"

"Jesus!" added Henry.

Suit to hold admissions staff accountable

"We want the world to know what happened here," said Robert J. Krueger in a prepared statement to the media following the announcement. "Our son was not merely the unfortunate victim of a tragic accident. He was, to be blunt, an incompetent fucking cretin, and the Admissions Office should have realised this and not let him in to MIT in the first place. They had plenty of opportunity — written statements, interviews — to determine that he was mentally suited only to attend a college with plenty of superfluous regulations and hand-holding rather than an elite institution like MIT. Yet Marilee Jones, recklessly and with total disregard for Scott's safety, admitted him anyway. She, and the rest of her rambunctious and irresponsible office, must be shown that they cannot escape liability for their egregious malfeasance."

"If MIT had not mistakenly admitted Scott, he would probably still be alive today," continued Darlene Krueger. "Unless he, like, ate a handful of glass, or got decapitated playing chicken with the subway trains. Let's face it, he wasn't the sharpest knife in the drawer."

A settlement seems likely

Ninety percent of civil cases are resolved before trial, and "given the proven spinelessness of the MIT administration, we fully expect this to be one of those cases," said Henry. "There has been no indication so far that the defendants have the guts to fight their way out of a wet paper bag."

Henry declined to speculate on the terms of such a settlement, but due to the suit naming individuals rather than an incorporated organization, the prospects of a cash windfall for the Kruegers in the league of the \$6 million rimjob they received from MIT seem remote.

It is more likely that a settlement would require further arbitrary changes to the time-tested ways MIT conducts its operations. For example, it is rumoured that MIT will offer to hand over its admissions process to the

The Essential Veterinarian

Inner City Fare and Pet Preparations

By Katie Jeffreys

I recently visited McDonald's, located in Central Square. The restaurant is a good option for hungry veterinarians who have hungry meat-eating friends. The concept of the restaurant is an all-you-can-eat, do-it-yourself glorified fast food joint. The restaurant is noisy, colorfully decorated, and in general provides a fun atmosphere to dine in.

I had the Quarter Pounder, named after the enormous involuntary erection most customers receive when swallowing its hormone-rich meat patty. I normally choose this burger because larger domesticated animals are used in its preparation, but in Cambridge the rats are big enough to be used. This resulted in an earthy flavour that I found pleasant, but I was less impressed with the haphazard layout of the pickles. Overall I would recommend this restaurant to those on a budget or with fat retarded children.

This week is one of my favorite Spanish recipes—I hope you enjoy it.

Chili Con Fido

Four cute puppies, chopped
1 can red kidney beans, drained
1 can chickpeas, drained
2 cans crushed tomatoes
1 green pepper, chopped
1 large onion, diced
garlic cloves to taste
2-3 cups frozen vegetables

Drain the puppies, reserving liquid. Combine all ingredients in large casserole dish, and bake in 400 degree oven for 45 minutes. Add tomato juice until desired consistency is reached. You may add 1/2-1 cup grated cheese during the last ten minutes of cooking if desired.

Serve over couscous (or any other grain you like).

Be sure to look back here next week for my special recipes for Rover Vindaloo and Man's Best Fricassee.

Boston Globe, and that beginning in 2002, MIT will promise to admit only Extropians.

"Those dudes told us they're always smart," sighed Jones wistfully.

Ask Phos

Dear Phos,

I am a 19-year-old raver at MIT. How come I'm the only one? I go to the Lobdell MITDMC parties and no one shows up but the DJs' moms and Jessica Hinel. Do you have any tips for meeting more kids like me?

Hopeful,
Dirty White Boy

Dear cda,

What do you mean, "like you"? Aren't all ravers cloned at the same CIA lab in Virginia? In any case, you will be able to find people that enjoy monotonous music, conformity, single topics of conversation and eating small, flat pieces of tasteless material at your nearest church.

In Christ,
Phos

Dear Phos,

I am in charge of a service at MIT about which I think students need to be informed. I figured the best way to get the word out was to put up posters in every dorm and Athena cluster on campus. However, I know that MIT students are no different from other children in that they like puzzles, so I decided to put the posters up in a series of three so you couldn't tell what the message was until the third one was posted. As I'm sure you can imagine, walking all over campus three times like this was very time-consuming and strenuous! As an administrator, I am quite proficient at paper-shuffling, but I am not used to doing so over such a wide physical area. What is the best way of letting MIT know how critically understaffed we are, and that it



ought to hire more deans for this important job?

Overworked Dean

Dear Carol,

Never fear, the powers that be at MIT are well aware of the importance to the bureaucracy of not doing things efficiently. They're just as eager to justify their jobs as you are. Have patience; at the current rate, the next time you have to get out a critical message such as this, there will be enough deans to assign one per student to notify them in person.

Weeping bitter tears for your pain,
Phos

Dear Phos,

This isn't really a question, more like a hot tip to help out your readers. Last Halloween, I made a Jack O'Lantern and put it out in the lounge in my dorm. Then in the middle of the night I snuck out and smashed the shit out of it. Since then, I've been getting enough sympathy pussy

to smother a cock-forest.

Smell my finger,
Four Year Old Mack Daddy

Dear Isaac,

Everyone at Voo Doo is grateful to you for your efforts in reducing the risk of Next House males procreating.

Keep up the good work,
Phos

Dear Phos,

The so-called "right" to choose is getting out of hand in this country. 100% of women seem to be exercising this right by choosing not to sleep with us. We'd like to get wives so we can tell them what to do. We have looked at russianbrides.com, but we are nervous about mail order and don't trust the internet with our credit card details. Do you have any suggestions for how we can go about setting up an arranged marriage locally?

Sincerely,
Frustrated Guys On Campus

Dear MIT Pro-Life,

Isn't it ironic that the ones most in favour of the so-called "right" to life are also the least likely to have the charisma necessary to participate in its creation? The only assistance I can give is to point out that the Djungarian hamster is one of the few mammals that mates for life; it should be right up your, uh, alley.

Be safe, be sure,
Phos

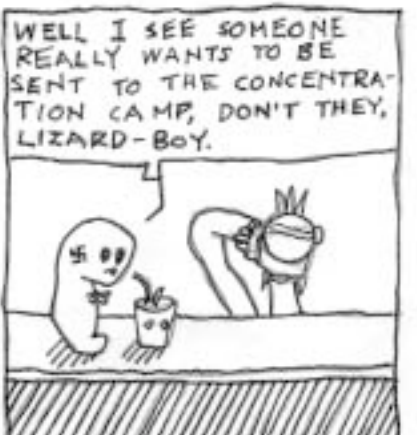
ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



Welcome to 8.01666, Introduction to Heavy Physics



By Varg Redstream
Recitation Instructor of Death

atmospheres swell into massive palatial passages straight from the halls of doom! Hypnotic, psych-edelic, plodding and majestic - a must-attend for all fans of epic lectures and Scandinavian science.

Enthusiasts of old-school physics will eagerly await week nine, a tribute to the dark emperors of raw and

primitive Norsk Arisk rotation and torque performed with devilish hunger and rage beyond the utmost of pain! Sit back and allow the sick and deviant moments of inertia to flood your thoughts with the ultra-violent black inferno of hatred and ancient warfare! Includes bonus demo material never before released in American classrooms.

Week ten heralds the arrival of what many have hailed as the most fundamentally evil material in the genre, in the form of the bestial and corpse-painted inverse square laws of gravity and electrostatics. Visions of blood spitting, spikes, boars' heads, smoke, animal guts and six foot inverted crosses will appear in your mind as you contemplate these grim and frozen field relationships! Only the true shall survive this descent into universal depravity.

Finally, we are proud to make available a collaboration of highly respected individuals in the physics scene in weeks eleven and twelve as we present the apocalyptic mutant assault of electromagnetism and wave-particle duality, including some of the most christ-raping formulas ever devised! One guest lecturer, Lord Walter Azagthoth Lewin, has so many bullets and spikes it challenges Hellraiser's Pinhead. Raise your fists to promote death to humanity as this bleak and desolate material must surely have emanated from the darkest abyss.

As it says in the limited-edition course notes, assessment for this class is equally divided between two sadistic and demonic quizzes and the final holocaust exam which will reach new levels of torture previously unknown to mankind. In addition, ten percent of your grades is based on satisfactory completion of the cursed weekly problem sets of hellish despair. Any questions? Good. Until next week, I raise my ale-horn to you, imperial hordes of freshman darkness, the priest shall be denied and his soul sodomized on the altar of unholy physics death war!

Good morning class. Hail and kill! Welcome to the raging and brutal madness of introductory physics! In this recitation I will be introducing the majestic and powerful syllabus of this trend-crushing freshman class. Prepare to be shamelessly abused, subliminally seduced and respectfully reduced by the deathstrike from hell!

In the first two weeks we will review your knowledge of dismal and barbaric algebra and then initiate the infernal onslaught of unholy physics with the bludgeoningly heavy basics of one- and two-dimensional kinematics. Like a thunderstorm after a long period of calm and dry weather, these vicious dynamic equations will fill your hearts with bloodlust for a new dark age!

In week three you will bear witness to a frightening marriage of blasphemy and obsession to destroy as we introduce the diabolical concepts of forces and Newton's laws, including the grave-desecrating formula $F = ma$. None shall defy our forces of northern aggression as the christian free bodies are eviscerated by our satanic war inertia!

This will immediately and mercilessly be followed by the melancholic and sorrowful twin funeral concepts of tension and circular motion in week four. Just look at the title of this stomach-churning week and try to admit you don't want it! This exhilarating topic provides haunting concepts of acceleration without being infested with the linear trend-following that has saturated the physics scene.

In week five we be prepared to revel in a black mass of ritualistic carnage as we introduce the obscure and malicious concept of work! You will see the blackened fragments of classical theory start to come together in this vicious paean to total death! This section of the class truly takes your mind away from the internet and fills it with dreams of spikes, leather and denim.

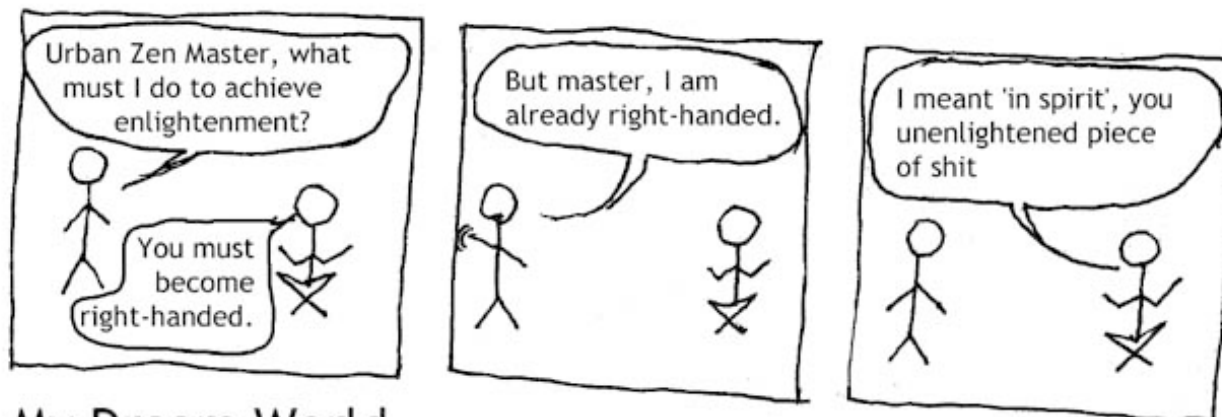
However that is just a prelude to the armageddon that awaits you in weeks six and seven as the bizarre and extreme notions of potential energy and momentum crash into view ready to fight the world, rising like the seven-headed beast! Your waking dreams will be filled with twisted imagery as you witness this dark and savage display of the pure hate and anger that fuels physics warriors to enter new superior crusades to previously undiscovered dimensions!

Week eight will be your introduction to the chaotic and bombastic world of collisions and ideal gases. Beautifully sparse

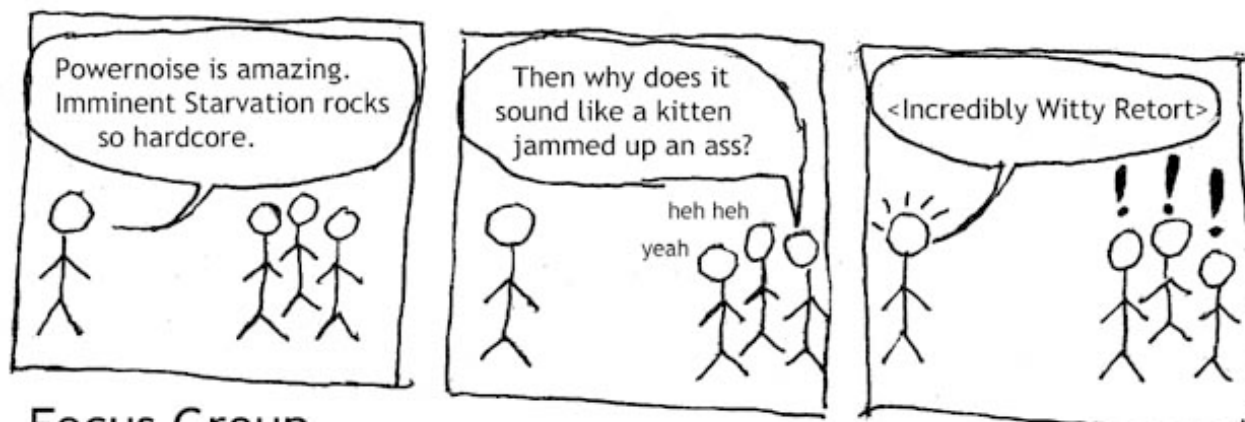
Top 10 New Shows on WMBR

- | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| 10. "WZBC" | 5. "Gothic Sinopop (from Space)" |
| 9. "That Armenian Show" | 4. "Homosexual Dance Music" |
| 8. "Gender Slap" | 3. "Electro-beep-lab-factory-beat-projekt 7 (from Space)" |
| 7. "Breakfast of Marianna" | 2. "White Perspectives" |
| 6. "Nazi Talk" | 1. "Zoz's Feline Ska Reality" |
-

Urban Zen Master



My Dream World



Focus Group



Course Six Seniors Anticipate Unusually Strong Job Market

Rest of Senior Class Encouraged to "Go Fuck Themselves"

CAMBRIDGE - The job market for Course Six seniors promises to be one of the best for college graduates in years, according to The Chronicle for Higher Education.

"It's a fantastic market, particularly for MIT course six majors who want to sell out," said Jason M. Drableck, a member of the Office of Career Services and Preprofessional Advising. "There's such a demand for the skills that MIT students have. If a student wants a job, it should be available for them. That is, unless they're thinking of doing something dumb, like grad school. You'd better hope you get accepted, losers!" he said gleefully.

Employers anticipate hiring 23.4 percent more graduates of the Class of 2001 than they did from the previous class, and almost 20 percent of their job offers will be for new college graduates, according to the National Association of Colleges and Employers.

A strong e-economy, an increased demand for Internet products and services, business growth in the technology sector, and a shortage of course 15 sellouts are all contributing to the increase in job opportunities. Other factors potentially involved include a delay of company projects during the Y2K craze last year, early retirement of twentysomething workers rushing to cash in their stock options, and the strange, unfortunate marriage of really dumb ideas with really rich venture capitalists.

"[At this year's Career Fair] we had a lot of e-commerce companies," said Frank Dableck '01, president of the Society for Women Engineers. "The most openings are in computer science fields, mostly with Internet start-ups and software," Drableck said. "They're everywhere!"

"The job market is great right now," said Frank Drabek '01. It's very positive for software developers, and they're willing to pay lots of money... particularly because I'm Course VI and I'm going to graduate immediately."

Hank Drablek '01 agrees that "It's not too difficult to find a job... Obviously it's not as easy in Course X as it is in Course VI, but there are still a lot of opportunities, I think."

Cognitive psychology major Joe Smith recently threw out his copy of Foucault's 'Madness and Civilization,' replacing it with the far more practical 'Learn Java in 21 Days.' "If I can't learn something real, I'll just go learn HTML—granted, it isn't what I wanted to do, but it's either that or work at McDonald's," he said.

"Would you like fries with that?" he added helpfully.



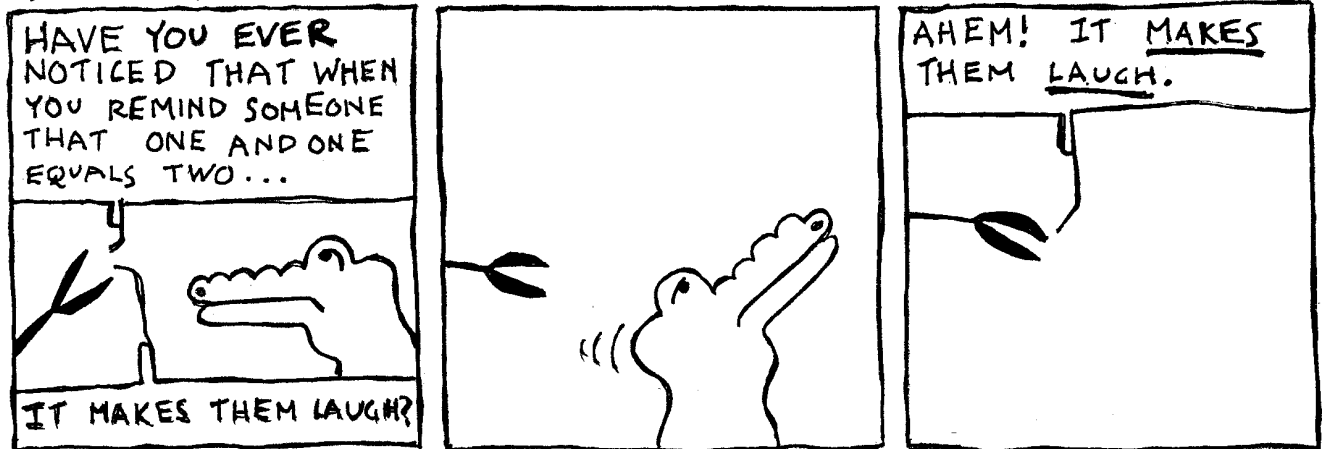
Use this or starve, fuckers.

Job prospects were evaporating for Frank Duveck '01, a course 24 major, as well. "I know a lot about paradox and infinity, so I thought I'd pursue a career as an MIT administrator," he said. "I mean, there are so many innate paradoxes in the job—along with an infinite number of ways to fuck over students."

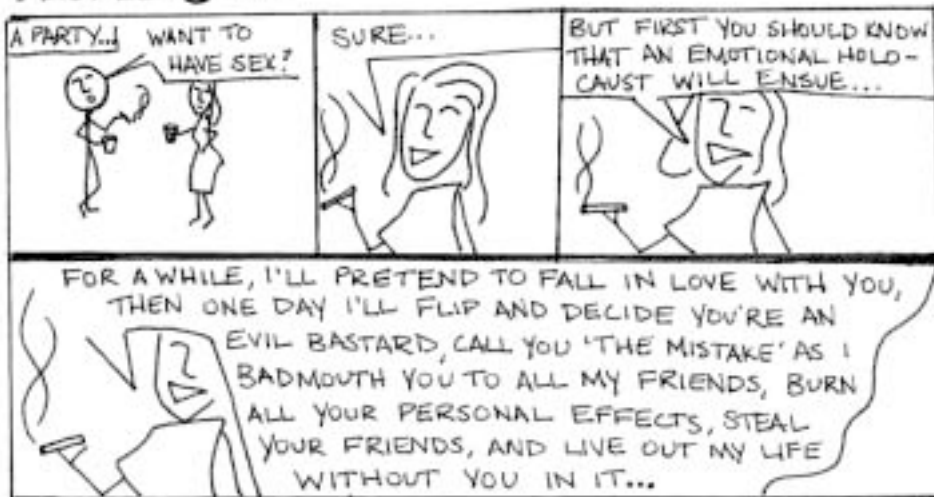
Drableck added that the most popular jobs among students were management and consulting positions, as well as dot-coms and anything related to computer science. Only about half the graduates who go straight into the work force enter in a field directly related to their major. The rest wind up performing a meaningless online task that would drive a trained monkey to suicide while being paid enough to turn immediately into a stinking nouveau-riche asshole.

The average starting salary for MIT students graduating with a Bachelors degree last year was \$51,700. This number is currently going up as the competition for graduating students increases," Drableck said. "However, all these changes are cyclical, and everything's going to get put back into check in a few years, if not sooner." He added that the \$51,700 figure would have been much higher, had the average not been "dragged down once we figured in those goddamned Course 4 statistics."

SAMMY & JOHN



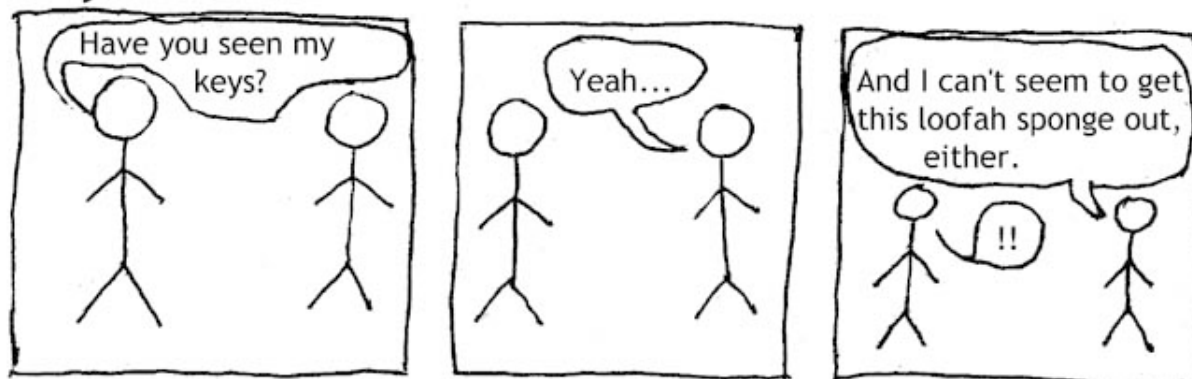
PEOPLE SUCK



SAMMY & JOHN



Gay Misadventures



Old People are Stupid and Paranoid



Gay Misadventures



Top 10 New Phys Ed Classes at MIT

- | | |
|----------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| 10. "pr0n" | 5. "Fascisthenics" |
| 9. "Throwing Up with Gusto" sponsored by Aramark | 4. "Self-Defense: Running Away from Strippers at EC Parties" |
| 8. "Athenaerobics" | 3. "Jumping Through Endless Hoops: Dumb Safety Office Crap" |
| 7. "Ping-Pong Under Vacuum" | 2. "Stalking" |
| 6. "Drinking Alone in Your Room" sponsored by Vest | 1. "Walking Back to Your West Campus Shithole" |
-

Post-Coital Vignettes

Post-Coital Vignette VII

See the truth is, I took 6.001 'cause I thought it would be a good way to meet guys. I hate fucking computers. And it was. There was the real hot Asian guy in my tutor group, or whatever the fuck they call it. Yeah, he was sort of tallish, skinny, real indie-like, good haircut, kind of punkish spiked but a little longer. He had a pierced eyebrow and a tongue stud. By the way, you remember that scene in Pulp Fiction where that chick played by that Arquette tells John Travolta that her tongue stud helps with fellatio? Well that is, as they say in the biz, quote dead-on balls accurate, unquote.

So yeah, like we'd sit in that little fucking room and flirt. That's what I did instead of homework for that godforsaken shitty class. I didn't learn a line of fuckin' Scheme, I just sucked a lot of dick. How's that for a worthy academic pursuit?

What do you mean how did I pass the final? Which part of suckin' dick were you confused about? Hell yeah, right there in Johnson. Jesus, how appropriate is that? Fuckin' twinkie loser geek MIT nerds don't even notice A-1 head goin down, if you catch my drift, right in the middle of a fuckin final exam. They just all hopped up on Jolt and grade school caffeinated water, can't even see straight, JV amphetamine psychosis and whatnot. Too excited by the free cookie that's being passed around. Yeah, I'm a loser geek MIT nerd, but not with fuckin computers. Those goddamn things are beneath me. What the fuck you want to talk about them for? You're not like, into that kind of thing, are you? Cause if you're one of those technology types I am out of here so fast. I don't need that kind of shit in my life, not now, not ever.

Post-Coital Vignette XXIV

So...um...how, um...how like was it? For you I mean? And stuff? 'Cause like...um...I had a really, you know, good time...and I was just...like trying to be, uh, concerned and whatnot...I mean like don't feel, uh, pressured, I guess? 'Cause I can like handle, um, whatever it is that, like, you know, if you want to say, um, like, something, that's like, less than, uh...you know...like less than great, that's okay...'cause I could like...well if you wanted...like if you didn't, you know, then if you wanted...like I could...again...if, you know, it didn't like, happen, then we could...I mean I could...or rather...try harder, you know? 'Cause like...I mean I had a...like, good time?...and I want you to have...like, you know, a good time...but like if you didn't so you don't, whatever, like want to again...like I'm just sayin'...like if you didn't, um, have a good

time, and so like you don't want to...um...not have a good time again...I mean that would, like, make sense to me...so, uh...like I just want to like...be here for you?...if I wasn't here for you before...or something...

Post-Coital Vignette CMLXIV

No, no, I'm fine. It's just...well...I've not really been feeling myself... Ha ha, that's funny, yes, I suppose I have been feeling you an awful lot, but that's not really what I meant...yes, feeling each other I suppose.

Post-Coital Vignette MVMXCIVLLI

Do you remember the cream cheese commercials from a number of years ago? The guy at the counter orders a bagel with butter, and his neighbor gets one with cream cheese. And the guy who got the one with butter experiences a deep and profound regret at his choice of bagel topping, a 'diner envy' that strikes so far into the core of his being that he has this sort of crisis of faith, as if his whole life, indeed his very identity is in some way founded on his choice of bread topping. Not unlike The Butter Battle, the Dr. Seuss agitprop on the absurdity of war, where the butter side up and butter side down factions are prepared to annihilate each other over this matter of lifestyle, with attendant implications of religion.

But the cream cheese commercial is far more personal than cultural, for obvious reasons of advertising. This man, he is a butter man. His whole life it's been about butter. And now he has the epiphany of cream cheese. A blinding realization that he has led his life in a less than ideal manner up until now, but before him is the truth, the path of light and righteousness, there at the counter of a diner, the greasy-spoon path to wisdom and enlightenment, all on top of a bagel. Personally, I've always preferred cream cheese anyway. Do you think the philosophic importance attributed to bagel topping could be construed as an anxiety bordering on the anti-Semitic?

Post-Coital Vignette QTVIILXIV

Um, ah, so, uh, where, or...I mean I guess...what...what is that rash? I sort of didn't really, you know, notice it before and now it looks an awful lot like, well exactly like, a primary untreated syphilis infection. Which of course can vary in appearance. But this is sort of...well, that is exactly a classic type rough 'copper penny' spots on your um...the soles of your feet, and I was...well I guess I was wondering why you didn't mention it.

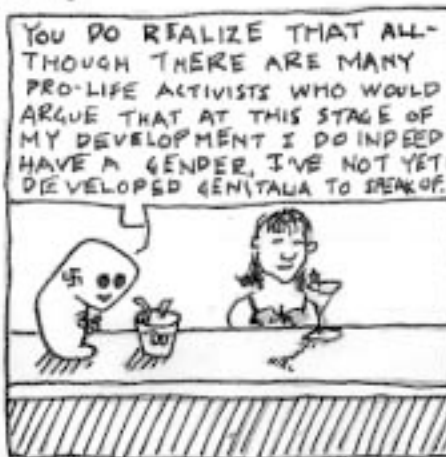
ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!



ABORTED NAZI FETUS!





MIT's Finding A Substitute Chief-of-police Institute Selection and Trial Committee (MIT-FASCISTCOMM)

Candidate Application Form
(Sum up your score)

Name: _____
Age: _____

Previous work experience: (Please check all that apply)

- ☐ Police Officer +1
- ☐ Police Chief +2
- ☐ Campus Police Officer -2
- ☐ Christian Coalition Member +2
- ☐ Nazi +6

An underage student at MIT is caught drinking wine with his underage girlfriend in his room. Would you:

- ☐ Ignore the incident. -10
- ☐ Issue a warning to the students involved. +1
- ☐ Arrest the students. +3
- ☐ Reach for your Glock 17 service pistol and scream, "Stop, date rapist!" +5
- ☐ Call Carol Orme-Johnson for backup. Cover all exits with your sidearm as she sprays down all students on the floor with her Committee On Discipline standard-issue HK-MP5 machine pistol. +10

A student is hit by a car going 55mph on Amherst Alley. Do you:

- ☐ Stop the car and arrest the driver. +3
- ☐ Transport the student to the Medical Center. +1
- ☐ Administer a breathalyzer to the student to assess how intoxicated he is. +5
- ☐ Call President Chuck Vest (even though

it's 3am) and say, while sobbing quietly, "I don't know what to do..." -5

- ☐ Raid and shut down the nearest fraternity. +10

Senior Haus Steer Roast 2004 is happening. What do you do?

- ☐ Patrol leisurely, making sure nothing gets out of hand. -2
- ☐ Bust the fire violation! They're cooking 2 steers on a George Foreman Lean Mean Grilling Machine. That's practically a blazing inferno. +7
- ☐ Inform all who will listen how much better Roast used to be "back in the day". -5
- ☐ Attempt to go undercover by dressing up as "Duct Tape Peeto Gamache" and saying, "To the fellatio!" +5
- ☐ Call Rob Morrison, while rocking back and forth, and say "Where... wh... where my d-d-dogs at?" -3

Finally, who is your greatest hero?

- ☐ Sergeant Schultz -5
- ☐ Magnum, PI +1
- ☐ Josef Stalin +5
- ☐ Mayor Giuliani of New York City +8
- ☐ President Charles M. Vest, defender of the right to a peaceful, conservative education, future leader of Bob Jones University +10



Jazz is good at contrasting and stuff.

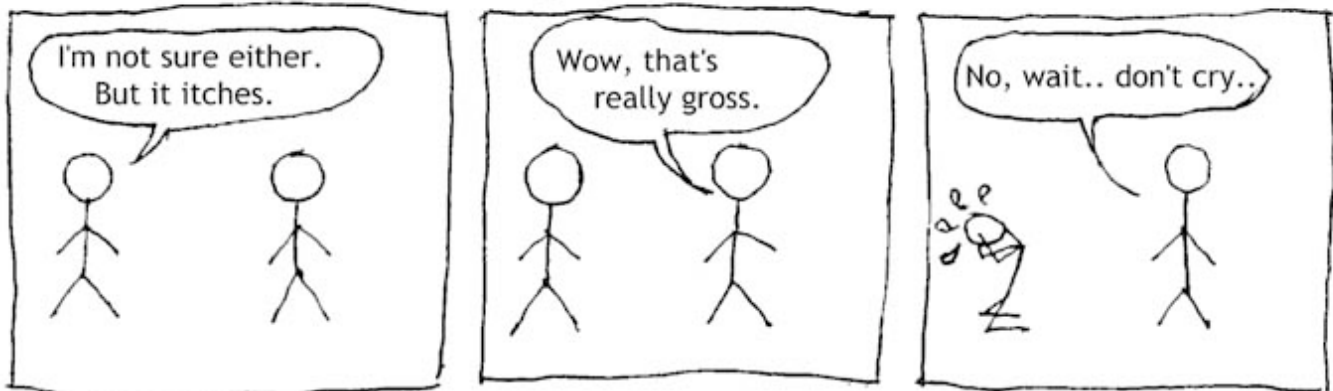
I'm getting bored.

1. Trotsky is dead. Dead people are wusses.
2. Trotsky is a gay ass name. Well, I guess it's not gay, but I felt like acting like a stupid fraternity ingrate and use "gay" as in "bad".
3. Red is better than white.
4. Kate is still reading this, even though it is drivel.
5. I intend to fill this whole paper with bullshit.

10. This is how I will end the paper. I hold no responsibility for doing this. It's YOUR fault for making this paper have a minimum page limit of 4. Go back to your alcohol now.

- 30 -

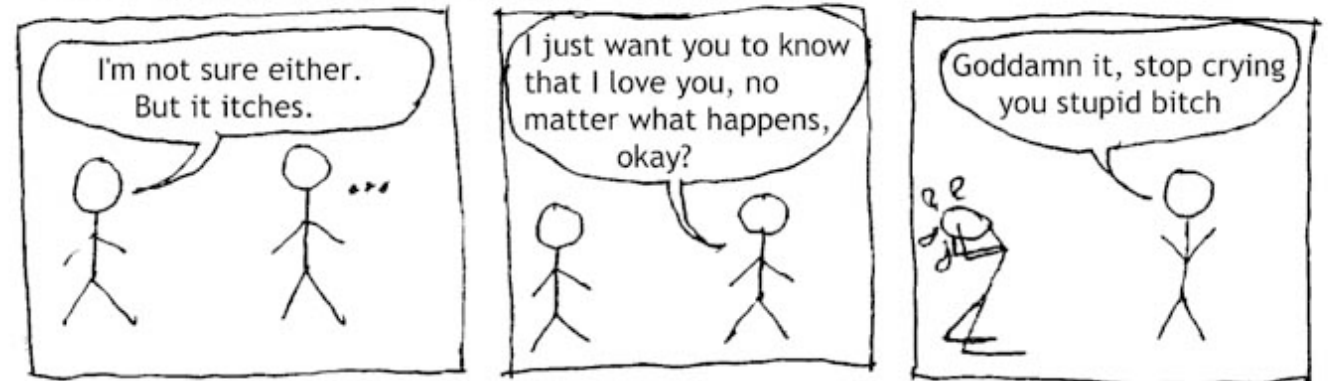
Groundhog Day starring Fatalist Joe



Groundhog Day starring Fatalist Joe



Groundhog Day starring Fatalist Joe



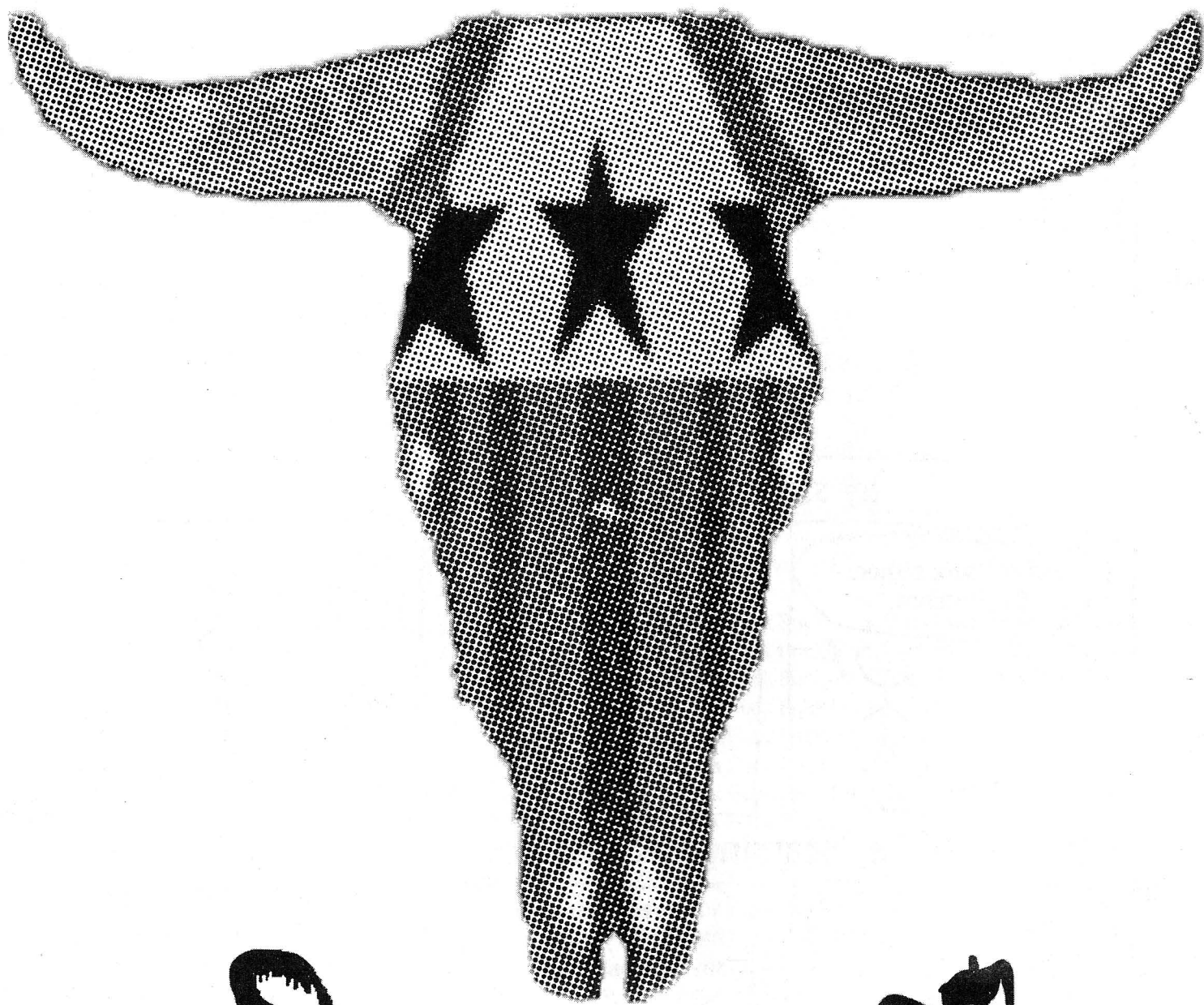
Top 5 Pickup Lines from the Eta Kappa Nu Mixer

5. "I can tell from your Leatherman that you're a Linux user."
4. Is that 256 megabytes of rambus 184 pin RDRAM in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?
3. "I recently graduated from the Harvard Business School...

you could invent a product... well funded startup... stock options..."

2. Want me to come over to your place and install it?

1. "Didn't I see you on geekporn.com?"



Sport Roast

May 4 & 5: Senior House